A TRIP TO COLORADO.

XVI.—FHS ARKANSAS VALLEY AND THE TWIN LAKES.

From Our opesial Correspondent.

Sath Womes, Sourh Park, July 6, 1966.

I said we were hungry on arriving at Orocity, but the word gives no description of our sensations. After climbing over a crest only a few hundred feet lower than the Swiss Jungfrau, we descended to the lavel of human life with a profound interest in the signs of "Boarding" and Minors' Homes, which greated of reducing the origin, like the others, is waiting for the best and cheapest method of reducing the origin, like the others, is waiting for the best and cheapest method of reducing the origin, like the others, is waiting for the best and cheapest method of reducing the origin, like the others, is waiting for the best and cheapest method of reducing the origin, like the others, is waiting for the best and cheapest method of reducing the origin, like the others, is waiting for the best and cheapest method of reducing the origin, like the others, is waiting for the best and cheapest method of reducing the origin, like the others, is waiting for the best and cheapest method of reducing the origin, like the others, is waiting for the best and cheapest method of reducing the origin, like the others, is waiting for the best and pashed on down the Arkaneas Valley, still accompanied by Mr. Londoner. The road led along the banks of both lakes, close to their deep, dark waters, yet meaning the place. Even the "Sallow of the drawn as a wellen that the usual ford was impracticable, and, on reaching its banks. Mr. Byers janged it pradent to make a platform of drift-wood upon the wagon-bed, in water their cool floor the dry, illactined mountains in the distance shone as if swept with fire creak by which the said the special to ford many the creak point and received particular drived into a large the cannot be intended to be straked through and through with the rebest gold and silver locks. The special through and received the special to be straked through and through the the here is wait

have described in a previous letter reappeared sgain. The question returned to mer whence is it produced? From the climate of our central regions? the circumstances of life? or the mingling of blood? Possibly a mixture of all three. Whatever it may be, here is the beginning of a splendid race of mee. I remembered having been very much purzled, a year ago, by the face of a waiter on one of the Mississippi steamers. I fancied I saw both the Irish and the German characteristics, which is such an unusual cross, that I sworth and German! The Celtic and Saxon elements seem to supply each other's deficiencies, and to improve the American breed of men more than any other mixture. The handsome Colorado type may be partly derived from this source.

After the lecture there was a ball, which all the isdies of the Upper Arkaneas Valley—hardly a baker's decen—attended. The cound of music and dancing, and the assurance that we would be acceptable in our flamed shirts and scarlet. Mathews ties, "could not, however, overcome the seductions of Mr. Londonar's bods. To cross the Rocky Mountains two days in succession, speak to the multitude in the crening, and dance afterward, is beyond my powers. "Fatigue," as Mr. Beard truly remarks, when laying aside a half-finished sketch, "demoralizes." Our host and hostess, very properly, resolved not to be cheated age of their builday, and after all the labor our advent

water, and far down in its depths we saw the reflected images of snow-peaks still hidden from us by the trees. The lower lake is nearly four miles in length by one and a half in breadth, and its softly undulating, quiet shores, form a singular contrast to the rugged mountains beyond. A straight, narrow terrace, 20 feet in high- a natural dam sould in length, lying, as it were, between the knees of the mountains. A triangular tract of mendow land slopes upward from the farther end of this lake, and is gradually squeezed into a deep, wild cafton, out of which the lakestream issues. On this mendow there is the commencement of a town which is called Dayton. The people, with singular perversity, have selected the only spot where a view of the beautiful lake is shut out from them.

Mr. Leonhardy had tempted us with descriptions of six and eight pound trout, so, when we reached his cottage and were informed by Mrs. Lt that he was upon the lake, Mr. Byers, whose love of trout would lead him to fish syen in Bitter Creek, at once set off across the meadows. We followed, leaving him to embark in the slaky little craft, while we sought good pasturage for our laded beasts. The meadow turf was beautifully smooth and green, but, before we had ridden twenty yards, my pony senk suddenly to his belly, and Houndanyself standing a-straddle over him. Looking ahead, I saw Mr. McC. amiliarly posed over his mule, while the others were making rapid dotours to avoid our commany. My pony extraords thimself by a violent effort, and, taught by instinct, gained safe ground as rapidly as possible: but the mule, being a hybrid and therefore deficient in moral charactor, settled on his side, stretched out his need; and violed himself to despair. Neither encouragement nor blows produced the least effect: he was an abject fatalist; and nothing but a lariat around his body, with a horse as motive power at the other ond prevailed upon him to stir. The larnet prove efficient. When his hind iest had time oven home in street had had been a street and

eannot compared. It is they were, but in the refined, we altivated mind which directed the irpreparation.

The degree of refinement which I have found in the remote mining districts of Colorado has been a great empriso. California, after ten years settlement, retained a proportion of the rough, original mining element; but indicates had acted as a social strainer to Colorado—or, rather, as a miner's pan, shaking out a vast deal of dirt and teasing the gold behind. Mr. Leonhardy and his neighbors live in rade cabins, but they do not therefore rainquist the graces of the. It is only the haf-cultivated who matter such atcomparates, relapse to and barbarana.

Mountain life soon rubs off the vencering, and we know

and, no reaching its banks, Mr. Byers junged if prudent is force we had dismounted a gentleman of most cheery and hospitable face three open his door disclosing armediars and rocking-charts, a long table, and a dim vision of beds in the background. We entered, and there were presently bounds of dulcet hissing and sing in the rear, grateful but all most untalizing often in the stronsphere, and then the treat were set before us—the whole the horse of the branch of the branch

low in color—not a bad contrast with the dusky verdure of the surrounding hills, for the Spaniards understood the harmony of color, as many a great painting in these churches will attast. The terror of in earth-make is everlasting, and therefore most of the thick-walled houses are of only one story. But there is a peculiar charm in the plan upon which they are built. This pun consists of a sort of walled inclosure facing the street, with a postal in the middle, and very generally a lovely garden, with a fountain, which has to be traversed before reaching the door of the collection of apartments in the reat.

Either with or without the garden, this system of residences is almost universal in Linna, and there is no sweeter spot to live. Even the business houses are very frequently arranged in a similar manner. I cannot better express myself than by narrating my search for the newspaper offices of Linna, with whom I desire to have business relations. I treamed the streets for an entire day, vainly enceavoring to capy some apot faintly reasonbling that haver-to-be-forgotten Trinerius corner of Sprince and Nassan-sts., in the moral City of New-York. At last, by the aid of a copper-colored guide, I was directed to a portal which gave entrance into a lovely garden of flowers, sparkling fountains and gold-fish, and time, gaudily-plumed, sweetly-whistling hirds, which never desert their little Eden spot, where contentment grows for them like the very flowers whose honey they love to sip. A small sign over the door of the interior building (the sign itself half hid in wreathing wines), and the duil leaden tick, tick of failing type, apprise me that I am entoring the printing-office and editorial rooms of "El Nacional." I find the gentlemen in the editorial room urbane and polite, and rather anxious than otherwise to communicate with me. Institute as they speak excellent Castillan (the best Sparish which must resemble hybrid Chinese, we understand even other in the course of an hour, and separate rejoicing—on the party of

sation department. The Peruvan managing editor is acre and there and away seals, sad inserts his nose into simest everything. He has under him four editors. One of these looks after local matters, and is also understood to understood to understand the revolutions of the country. After writing up the local murders, robberies and rapes of the day, suppose there is to be a revolution on hand. The heavy iron doors of the city begin to swing to with an ominous crash, the respectable citizens desert the streets, and the mob enter the city with vivas and huzass, firing at the windows and shooting down any unlinely man who may be seen in the street, and who may have forgotten the colors, which the revolutionists have adopted as their standard. The soldiers are turned out havily and each company (if its captain has not sold it) fires its volley through the darkness. The revolutionists succeed or are routed; and the noble city editor sits quietly in his office, and without the sid of reporters, records the result for the morning's paper. Another editor is a poet, who turns everything that he sees into rhyme, though he knows little of what he writes. Another is supposed to be a transitator. And, for the bench of foreign readers, he sill

transmute anything—from Portuguese to Chinese, into a sort of English, which it is hard for an American to understand without spectacles. And still another editor will deal with the general European and other foreign questions of the day in a most insane and widely comprehen-

deal with the general most insane and widely comprobensive manner.

Such are the newspepers of Peru, so far as I have seen them. Ei Comercie, the standard paper of Peru, is so old and well established that the people call all the papers that come here "Convercios," instead of newspapers. Ei Nacional is an opposition, which will very probably succeed, because it is radical to soutiment and refuses to be bought up. There is another paper in Callao called Ei Perreur (The Finters, which is merely a compenditure of the Lima news, and which is little worth considering. But the newspapers of Peru are all carried on on the same principle. Callao, Islay and Arica each has its sheet, but the Lima papers govern them, and they are all carried on much the same way—the money of one side engineering one, the money of the other side the other. The beauty of their flower gardens is novel, but it is not the index of the public opinions.

Lima of to-day is a beautiful city, as I remarked before. There are adozen botels which are all good; there are twice There are a dozen botels which are all good; there are twice

Lima of to-day is a beautiful city, as I remarked before. There are adean hotels which are all good; there are twice as many cates, or restaurants, which are very passable. As in New-York, there are a great many good-looking young men, who dress fashionably, spend a great deal or money, and don't appear to do anything for a living; and also, as in New-York, there are a great many pretty seconds.

The state of the control of the cont

The Plaza of Lima is a very handsome one. The fountain in the center, which never ceases playing, is of bronze, and was made by the Spaniards—as, indeed, is the case with almost everything worthy of remark in this part of Peru. The four fine marble statutes which now surround it represent the four seasons, and are good, for they were done in Italy from Perusan designs. On the eastern side of the plaza is the Palace—a long, rambling, intersected, dirty, yellow-colored, two-storied building, which holds the same relation to Peru as the White House does to the United States. Col. Prado lives there now, and the next freaident (or Dictator), who will be his predecessor, will occupy it after him. But the building is old, and has, therefore, historical interest. Pizarro was mandared in the corner room of the wing that faces the north. On the opposite side of the plaza, is still standing the such through which the assassins crept upon him in his sleep, and took the mean life which throbbed for Spain and gold.

The Convent of the Inquisition is one of the finest relicated for Lima; and smong the finest churches already not mentioned are those of San Augustine, Santo Domingo and a few others.

"The constor Peru is a perfect desert of sand, Jehr re-

and a few others.
The const of Peru is a perfect desert of sand. Ishy re-

ane constor Fern is a perfect desert of sand. Ishy re-belles Payto-a hundred houses on a sand bank. Arica is a little better, with a few trees scattered here and there. I long for Chili, where they tell me the people work hard for their living, and are, therefore, active and bold.

PRESIDENT OF HAMILTON COLLEGE. - A meeting of TARSIBLES OF DAMLITON COLLEGE.—A incenting of the Board of Directors of Hamilton College was held at Raugi's Hotel, Utica, on Thursday, and a selection for the Presidency was made in the unanimous election of the Rev. Samuel Gilman Brown, D. D., Professor of Mataphysics at Dartsoonth. The literary culture and wide popularity of the Rev. Dr. Brown are said to well fit him for the position to which he has been called. No acceptance of the Presidency has yet been signified by Dr. B.

A dispatch received in Washington by the relatives of Gov. R. A. West of Virginta, states that he is except ofing from an attack of the cholera.

THE EATING SALOONS OF NEW-YORK. OUR OWN" IN SEARCH OF A DINNER-WHERE AND WHAT HE EAT-THE PERSONS WHO LIV E

RESTAURANTS-THEIR PECULIARITIES-THE PRING CIFAL RESORTS OF EPICURES.

Fully one-half of the population of this great city live at the restaurant bar and the saloon table. A half million people, of all ages, sexes, colors and conditions depend upon the eating-bouse for their daily bread. Some of these live luxuriously, tickling their sensitive palates with delicate meats and "wine grown between the formy Minturnae and Petrinum of Sinessa;" others, cramming their stomachs with the coarsest and grossest food which the pinched purso can afford, washed down with greasy coffee or more economical water, satisfy the inor-dinate cravings of that terrible bunger which only the street pauper knows. These two classes are the two extremes, met with nowhere without the limits of a crowded city. Between the two are many grades of eaters, varying in their tastes and differing in their habits, for all of

ing in their tastes and differing in their habits, for all of whom there are coravanseries adapted in style and price of visuals to the class of customers who patronize them.

Shuming the purlious where congregate the outcasts who dine on a penny sworth of tripe and a penny alice of stale bread, who breakfast upon nothing, and go to sleep with hunger gnawing at their vitals; avoiding the corner stands where the newsboys and street porters feed, and the market-stalls, recking with the odor of half-cooked meats, sickly vegetables, and dirty soap-suds; declining the cordial invitations of a thousand subterranean refreshment salcons, where overees its event style are served up at a moment's notice, passing the scores of clean little establishments wherein the lungry man may regale on dainty, but substantial cakes, to the accompanion of delicious country milk or good coffee, let us drop into a tidy dining room

day's work.

Here is an establishment of this class. The supper-card is an epicare's vocabulary in diamond; and a dappor little Frenchmen, who gesticulates gracefully with his napkin and the rest of his body, informs us seriously that whatever we may desire will be immediately prepared, whether it is marked upon the card or not. It is quite litte, and we have a horror of heavy suppers at late hours. "Such suppers are not included in the esthetics of epicureanism" says a philosopher, and we think he is right when he hims that they were at the hottom of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. As its suppers increased, its territories diminished. It became dyspeptic and peakish. Its armed hand trembled, its legs grew gouty, and under the heavy blows of barbarians who lived on simple fare and retired to rest with the crowe, it finally went to the had. We therefore call for a cup of chocolate, for which this place is famed, a broiled chicken, and some raw tomatoes, and, with a little St. Elle at hand, we despise dyspeptia, and treat gout and spoplexy with contempt. The fate of Kome has no terrors for us so long as we sup thus moderately.

To this, and to one other sales in the vicinity lovers of chocolate repair. Here it is made as it should be made to suit the critics. The gentleman cook who prepares this beverage is a finished member of his profession. What a wonderful thing is education! This artist can surely discriminate between Mont Hymet and Château Yquem, and can appreciate the taste of Crispinus who paid six sesterities for a mullet, as well as the genius of the Greeks who made 62 kinds of bread, and that of the French who have 300 ways of cooking eggs. His chocolate stamps him as an original. How easy a matter it is to detect a plagiary in

made of kinds of bread, and that of the French who have 309 ways of cooking eggs. His chocolare stamps him as an original. How easy a matter it is to detect a plagiary in the art gustronomie! In it are iew good copies; for besides that the copy is almost always clumsy or exeggerated, the style which well suits the artist who fries, does not at all become him who buils. Great then must be the perseverence of the cook who has acquired the art by which art is concealed; who can assimilate borrowed graces to himself without their degenerating into the stiffness and incongruity of servile imitation. Chocolate was made well before our artist's time. If he imitates the great masters he does in with the congruity of the congruity of the congruity of the congruity of the congruing of the congruing of the congruence of the c

before our artisats time. If he imitates the great masters he does it with the art of a calinary Shukespeare.

This is Mendec's. Maillard's is hard by. Both are fashionable resorts, and are thronged from an early hour inthe forancon up to the time when the theaters close. All the cooking at these two houses is done de more Gallice, the dishes are well prepared, the waiters polite, and the charges high. A plain dumer, without wine, should cost, at either, from \$2 to \$3\$. The winelist is generally a full one, but the wines themselves are not always what their labels claim. Plain, pure, American wines are to be had at all the better saloons of the city, but they are not in demand among the *bite of the construct.* Could the manufacturers give them foreign tities and charge heavier prices, no doubt there would be a change of soutiment in favor of native grape-juice. As it is, we are every day paying extravagant prices for Clarot, Madeira, Sherry, Port, Champagne, Corinthe, Chobles, and other imported wines, while our van California and Cincinnati brands go begging. We are not a wine-drinking people, and a connoisging. We are not a wine-drinking people, and a commois-sear among us is a racity. This coables designing and dishound vintuers to continuous the ris longer of the

French guinguette for pure red wine, and ghinelet for something better, without fear of detection. The "meager down-the-liber wine" that Juvenal has thus named, is not the genuine Falernian, though it may bear the legend "Bettled in the Second Consulate of Taurus." More than one-half of the less expensive wines sold in our country to-day are miserable adulterations, a single taste of which brings to mind the stanza of an old song in which an indignant Briton declares his house sentiments:

"One glass of drink I got by chance.

"Twas claret when it was in France.
But now from it moche wider:
I mink a mon might make as good,
With green oraboes boiled in Brazil wood.
And half a pint of cider."

For dinner we may have a tureen of Pillaf, which is a

And half a plut of cider."

For dinner we may have a turcen of Pillaff, which is a queerly compounded Turkish soup; or Ozcille, or vermicelli, with sweethereds; or mark-turtle, if we prefer it. Then a glass of Widow Clioquot, and what hors decurred, or appetizers we may desire. Let a little salmon a la Chambora follow, or broiled salmon with caper sauce, with patties are just. Now Chobles, more generous by far. Chamberd follow, or brotled salmen with caper sautes, with patties or just. Now Chobles, more generous by far than Burgandy which cannot stand the sea voyage. Then a cut of reast mutten, or, in Bou thereof, an engramme of lamb with purve of potatoes. A pot of mocha new and a biseuit, and we have finished in a short hour a delightful meal for which our treasury suffers severely.

DELMONICO'S.

Leaving the neighborhood of Mercer-st, and traveling toward the setting sun, we reach Chambers, at the corner of which and Broadway is one of the three great establishments conducted by the well-known Delmonico. On the ground floor are two large apartments for gentlemen. The

ments conducted by the well-known Delmonico. On the ground floor is for ladies. Situated near the City Hall sacond floor is for ladies. Situated near the City Hall and many of the largest hotels conducted on the European plan, this establishment is one of the most liberally patron-ized in the United States. A large proportion of its customers are French merchants from Reade, Chambers, and adjacent localities, who retain the tastes of Parisians accustomed to Very's in the Garden of the Taileries; but during the day men of all nationalities may be seen and heard here.

and adjacent localities, where takes of Parleans aroment's notice; passing the scores of clean little establishments wherein the lummy man may regale on dainty, but substantial cakes, to the accompanisment of delicitions of the country milk or good coffee, let us drop into a tidy dimiground the country milk or good coffee, let us drop into a tidy dimiground the country milk or good coffee, let us drop into a tidy dimiground the country milk or good coffee, let us drop into a tidy dimiground the city Hall and its noisy surroundings, yet oven where the six the driving the world is out of bed, and the tables about us are nearly all occupied by solid-locking men of business who have left their bachelor apartments for the day. What do they eat! Beefsteak, mutocachops, that, Here and there we hear a call for pork from men who have no fear of trichina, and who scorn to believe that articles of all the countries ago.

Our fresh fight is excellent, our bread and butter awest, our coffee passable—but how many cooks understand the making of coffee! A polite waiter, was breathed to thring him to our side, tells us that in this room along the company of the control of th

On Fourteenth-st., opposite Union-square and to the left of Broadway as you go up from the City Hall, stands the Maison Dorée, a large, well-appointed and admirably-conducted restaurant. As you may guess from its name, it is under French direction. It bears a splendid reputation, which the cursien of the house, the polite walters and the other concomitants have fairly earned for it.

Thus cofé comprises three or four apartments, two of which are on the first floor and are intended for gentlemen. You dine here à la carte, of course, and are served with almost any dish you call for.

The bill of fare is not extensive, but recherché. It offers two or three favorite soups, among which is plain French.

The bill of fare is not extensive, but recherche. It offers two or three favorite soups, among which is plain French beef potage; for meats, fowl à la Mont lûe; cotelettes à la Maintenon, the invention of the immortal, but unfortunate Vatel; brecoli and eggs, conclette aux àrebre, basef à la mode and roast mutton with purée of vegetables. The coffice at the Maison Dorée is a luxury for which one will cheerfully pay hair the pince of an ordinary dinner, because it has been prepared most artistically, is the essence of the best grain in the market, and is neatly served. is neatly served.

Here one cannot find fault with the waiters. Whether

Here one cannot find fault with the waiters. Whether your bill be 40 cents or 40 dollars, your orders are quickly and cheerfully obeyed. There is none of the supercibiousness here which is noticeable in many chean salcons, when one calls for a simple cup of order with a roll. The waitters at the Maison Dorée seem to estimate a guest's respectability by his deportment, not by the quantity of expensive food he may eat at a meal.

The wine list is about the same here as at Delmonleo's, and there is no perceptible difference in the price, either of food or drink.

of food or drink.

rants. So quiet is everything about the place, that hundreds of people have passed it without being aware that fit was one of the most popular resorts on the continent. The waters employed are Gorman, Swies, and French, and some of them have received their interruction at the beas sators in Paris, Vienna, and Berlin. The building courins four large dining rooms, and numerous smaller spartments for private parties, so common at Delmonico's in the Winter. The rooms are all sphendidly furnished, and the company usually select.

Delmonico's carle de jour, changed every day, is the same at his Breadway and his Fifth-ave. Rooms. To-day, perhaps, for soup we may have Macarons in consonent. Houldbarne, or Potoge a P Anglaise; followed by broiled salmon, roast hunb, beaf a la Château Guid, with fillots of fowl a last of Uncles, with eggs in a dozen different forms; finishing with light cake or pudding darent of and last. Wines of the best brands are always to be had on demand.

with fillets of fowl a lat of Uzzle, with egs in a dozen different forms: finishing with light cake or padding dearer and out of an Inf. Wines of the best brands are always to be had on demand.

A very common objection offered by Americans to French restaurants and hotels, is that the bill of fare is in a language not generally undurated by people who are not French. Let the objectors undertake to five the manes of any half dozen French dishes in plain English. The attempt will result in failure. The French cook invents a certain dish in the preparation of which he makes use of 20 ingredients. He gives it a name, by which it is received at the tables of those who appreciate it. It is known by this name and by no other; for, to apply another to it—a name indicating the mode of preparation or the simple elements of which it is composed—would exhaust a small vocabulary. Hence a technical toru, which, in case of doubt, any intelligent waiter will saplain in a moment, is preferable to any other.

WHY PROPLE KAT AT EXSTAURANTS.

It may be asked, Why do people cut at restaurants? Why not take comfortable and cheap meals at home, at live at a comfortable and cheap hotel?

In the first place, those who patronize the coff, restaurant, or eating saloon, either have no nomes, or are called away from them on business. Some, again, have homes where it is impossible, after the labor of the day, to get a comfortable meal. Others consume well-cooked food at home, but require daily two or three lunches or dinner at the restaurant to support nature. There are still others who dine out to enjoy freedom, as the Bigendians of the Kingdom of Ldiput perhaps did when the law, recarding them as heretics for breaking the gros bout of the egg, threatened them with severe punishment. Many are law Sancho Panas, whose remarks to the Knight of the Roafu Countenance will bear repetition:

"Let me tell your worship, that provided I have vietnals enough, I can cat as well, or better, standing and alone, than if I were seated close by an caperor.

THE LORD BOND ROBBERY.

EXAMINATION AT THE TOMBS BEFORE JUSTICE DOWLING-APPIDAVIT OF MR. LORD-STATEMENT OF THE ACCUSED-ARGUMENTS OF COUNSEL-TEN

ACCIDENT TO A WORKMAN .- A man named Wm. Welsh, a workman in the flour mills of South & Jewell. Ham, litton-ave, Brooklyn, had the fingers of one hand torn of and the hand severely crushed, while ongaged in oding the medinery of the mill on Thursday evening last. He was taken to the Long Island College Hospital for treatment.

ACCIDENT. - A man named Michael Burke, residence unknown, fell from a wagon in Flatbush-ave, Brooklyn. of Thursday afternoon, and was severely injured upon the head He was taken to a house in Flatbush, and his wounds were dressed by Dr. Moorhead of that place.

RUS-OVER ACCIDENT. - A little girl named Berges, some 3 years of age, was accidentally run over by a Bergead car on Thursday evening. Her foot was bedly injured, and also was taken to her grandparents residence in Bergen-st., and Underhill-are, where she received the best of medical attent

THE PIRATE BRAINE.-The Confederate Liest Braine was arraigned on Thursday in the United States Cont, before Judge Benedict, on a charge of piracy, to which be pleaded " not guilty," and was remanded for trial. He does not seem at all pleased with the frequent adjournment of the case, though it has been done at his own request, and complain grievously at his confinement and treatment. He has made a creatly statement in which he denies the charge made against him. He will probably have his trial some time during the of food or drink.

FIFTH-AVE, --DELMONICO.

At the corner of Fourteenth st. and Fifth-ave, is Delmon to third statistical bin. He will not to third statistical bin the will be presented as a constant of the corner of the corne